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and BYSTANDER

VOL. CLXXVII. No. 2309

London
September 26, 1945



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SEPTEMBER 26, 1945

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Marcus Adams

A Modern Gainsborough

Simon, Christopher and Marie Audrey, the
Children of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Coldham

Simon, who was born in 1940, with the twins Christopher and Marie Audrey, three years younger, are the children of Mr. Alan Coldham, formerly of Melbourne, Australia, the well-known tennis player, and Mrs. Alan Coldham. Their mother was Miss Eileen Eveleigh-de-Moleyns, the only daughter of the Hon. Mrs. John Eveleigh-de-Moleyns, and a first cousin of Lord Ventry and Lord Linlithgow. Her elder brother is the Wauchope of Niddrie, and her younger brother, Brigadier Eveleigh-de-Moleyns, is on the staff in Washington



Way of the World

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

Flying Down to Rio

To my jaundiced eye London has become one vast departure platform, with myself seeing everybody off. At each corner I seem to meet radiant faces announcing voyages to gay and sunny parts of the world. My friend Hugo Gouthier, First Secretary of the Brazilian Embassy and with whom I am staying as I write these lines, is, for instance, off in two days' time to his sumptuous country, on a visit in every sense flying.

of Oro Prieto, and the new buildings of which we saw something in that extraordinary book—*Brazil Builds*.

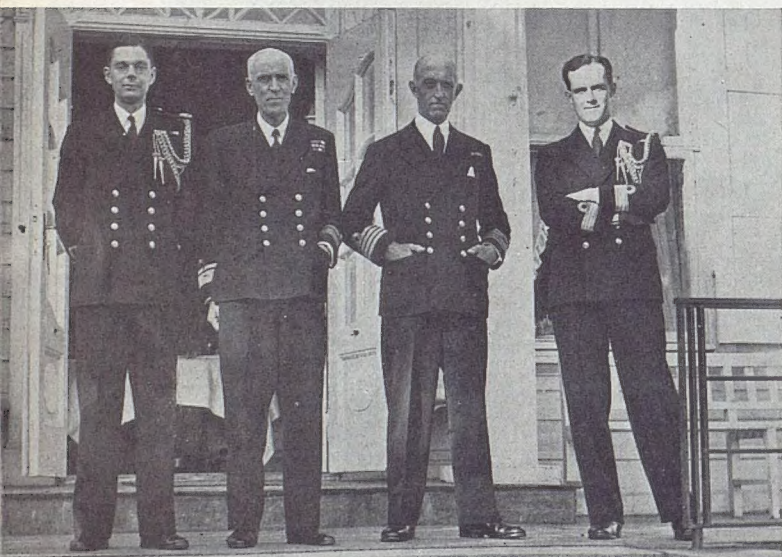
I want to dance the samba—if I can—and to hear at first hand those Brazilian popular dance tunes upon which Darius-Milhaud—to my mind one of the most talented and least appreciated composers of our day—founded his suite for the piano—"Saudades do Brazil." Milhaud was attached to the French Embassy at Rio when that

then, I had mentally associated orchids with the shoulders of pretty, silly women, or the long corridor with the improbable vitrines that unites the two faces of the Paris Ritz. But here were orchids, white flecked with pink, green laced with purple, festooning the enormous trees as Virginia creeper might do in the Surrey hills.

A Memory of Elephants

I LONG for those parts once more. Perhaps I shall be able to pay a visit to my friend in Kunming when feeding grows a little easier. (At present no extra mouths would be welcomed in those famished regions.) I should like to wander in Yunnan, and among the golden pagodas of Bangkok—if the R.A.F. have left any standing—go to Angkor and to that paradise Phnom-Penh to see the royal corps de ballet in their shimmering pagoda hats dance on the terrace by the lake. I should like to shoot in the hills round Dalat, then come down to Saigon with its absurdly Provençal air, its opera house supported by buxom caryatids in the most generous traditions of the Third Republic. Above all I want news of the baby elephant in the Saigon zoo who 'became one of my closest cronies there.

No bigger and far more endearing than a large bull terrier it would follow me about in a sort of



A Royal Naval Farewell Cocktail Party

Rear Admiral J. S. M. Ritchie, C.B., gave a farewell cocktail party at his Oslo residence recently to his retiring Chief of Staff, Captain C. E. Machonochie, O.B.E., R.N. Rear Admiral Ritchie is seen with Lt.-Cdr. J. M. Froggart, R.N.V.R., Flag Lieutenant (left), Captain C. E. Machonochie (right) and Lt.-Cdr. D. W. Sherwood, R.N. Secretary



The Viceroy Returns to India

Lord Wavell (wearing a soft hat) was photographed in a launch on his way out to the British Overseas Airways Sunderland at Poole, Dorset, for the flight back to India. Returning with him is his youngest daughter, Joan, the Hon. Mrs. Simon Astley, seen with her baby daughter, Diana Jane; her husband, Captain the Hon. Simon Astley is in the 7th Hussars

He is flying to Rio for fifteen days' leave in the York aircraft which carries back the Brazilian Air Minister, Senhor Salgado Filho, from his official visit to this country. London on Saturday, reunion in Rio on Tuesday with his beautiful wife, Regina, who preceded him there a month or so ago. That is the agreeable prospect before Hugo Gouthier.

London is not these days such a paradise we can lightly dispense with the presence of even one lovely young woman. I trust, therefore, that Regina Gouthier will soon be back among us.

Senhor Salgado Filho

SENHOR SALGADO FILHO is that political type all too rare, the aristocrat who is also a reformer. On the one hand he is President of the Rio Jockey Club, the most elegant body of its kind in the country; on the other, as Minister of Labour, he endowed Brazil with a corpus of social legislation that is almost a model for the world. It is the proud boast of Brazilians that their country has enjoyed for the last ten years a plan similar to but even more liberal than that evolved by Sir William Beveridge, that plan once the centre of such a hubbub, and now it seems almost forgotten in the new permutation of life caused by Labour's victory, the atomic bomb and the end of Lease-Lend.

Darius-Milhaud

I HAVE always wanted to go to Brazil, to gamble at Copacabana, to visit the baroque churches

eminent poet, Paul Claudel, was Ambassador there at the end of the last war. It was a great pleasure of my extreme youth to hear Milhaud talk of the splendours of that country, and how orchids grew there in such profusion, a beautiful lady would be insulted by a gift of them, and could only be mollified by flowers which any European beauty would trample under foot—daisies, say, or cowslips. And then Milhaud would play some strange and rhythmic Brazilian air which perhaps he had once heard at the other end of the street, and the air of Paris or London seemed to flash with dark eyes and laughter and the wings of macaws. . . .

Yunnan

ANOTHER friend of mine is off to Kunming, capital of the scrumptious Chinese province of Yunnan, which means roughly "South of the Clouds." We have come to think of that region in terms only of the Burma Road, with remote villages in the mountains taking on the brash vivacity of some Far West mining town during a nineteenth-century gold rush, but the "Big Noses" as we Westerners are named will go away in time, I suppose, and the province will again become a half-explored fastness, filled with wild turkeys and aboriginal tribes whom the Chinese have never quite subdued, and some of the rarest orchids in the world.

To me at least it was a curious experience to see my first orchid growing wild. Until

drunken shamble until its feet got too hot. Then it would roll over on its back and expect me to hose its burning soles.

Elephants pervade the atmosphere of Indo-China as white oxen evoke an image of Italy, of Urbino say, with its steep and lovely streets. There could be nothing more typical of the country than the story of a French official, an acquaintance of mine, who for many years governed a large part of the mysterious, remote province of Laos.

One of the local princes gave the governor's children the present of a baby elephant. Immediately it became the cherished pet of the family, even sleeping in the nursery. An elephant of rare parts, it learned to play "Hide-and-Seek" and was particularly fond of concealing itself behind the trunk of an enormous tree growing in the forest hard by.

The years went by, the children left for school in France. After perhaps a decade, they came back. The beloved elephant had grown to at least half full size; he towered benevolently above them, then trotted off to the forest. They found him sheltering behind a tree which he fondly believed was still large enough to hide him. He did not notice that the whole of his head, and the gigantic hindquarters stuck many feet out on either side.

Perdita Robinson

A FEW days ago I went to visit the grave of poor Mary "Perdita" Robinson (1758-1800). By far the most attractive of the Prince Regent's loves



Two New R.A.F. Appointments in South East Asia Command

Air Vice-Marshal Gilbert Harcourt-Smith, C.B.E., M.V.O., has recently been appointed Senior Air Staff Officer Headquarters Air Command S.E.A.C. He was commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1920, and received the M.V.O. in 1937 and the C.B.E. in 1941

Another new appointment is that of Air Vice-Marshal J. D. Breakey, C.B., D.F.C., who has been made Air Officer Commanding No. 222 Group R.A.F. in South East Asia. He was formerly the Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Technical Requirements) and was decorated with the C.B. in 1944

she genuinely adored him and suffered more than any of the others.

A precocious poetess, she shared prison with her husband who was jailed for debt till Garrick got her out and gave her a place in his company at Drury Lane. As "Perdita" in the *Winter's Tale* in 1779 she captivated the impetuous young heart of the Prince of Wales.

When one looks at her fresh beauty in the Wallace Collection, or on portraits of her handsome young lover, it is hard to imagine the sordid end to the idyll, the broken royal promises and dishonoured bonds. She died at forty-two, and on her grave, now sadly neglected, there is just perceptible the following lines:—

"Of Beauty's isle her daughters must declare,
She who sleeps here was fairest of the fair
But! Ah! While Nature on her favorite smiled
And Genius claimed his share in Beauty's child
E'en as they wove a Garland for her Brow
Sorrow prepared a willowy wreath of Woe
Mix'd deadly Nightshade with the Buds of May
And twin'd her darkest Cypress with the Bay."

Coughton

BOBBIE THROCKMORTON I see has made over to the National Trust his lovely house, Coughton, on the edge of the Forest of Arden. Although renovated in Georgian times, Coughton remains one of the most noble houses of Henry VIII's time. One of Coughton's great treasures is a shift said to have been worn by Mary Queen of Scots at the time of her execution.



The Last of the Few Prepare for Their Flight Over London

G/C Douglas Bader led the Battle of Britain pilots over London and A/C M Lord Dowding who was C-in-C Fighter Command during the Battle of Britain, met his old pilots again at North Weald Aerodrome before the take off. Included in the photograph are G/C G. M. Thompson, W/Cdr. Vigors, G/C F. R. M. Carey, W/Cdr. John Sellis, W/Cdr. B. Drake, W/Cdr. K. T. Loftis, W/Cdr. D. Crowley-Milling, G/C D. Bader, G/C P. S. Turner, S/Ldr. Bush, W/Cdr. P. M. Brothers, W/Cdr. E. P. P. Wells and W/Cdr. R. Stanford Tuck



Ambassadors as Godfathers at Two London Christenings

The Yugoslav Ambassador in London, Dr. Leontic, and his wife acted as godparents to the infant daughter of Dr. and Madame Kos when she was christened by Bishop Myers, Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street. Dr. Kos is Counsellor of the Yugoslav Embassy



Another christening, also at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, was that of Ricardo Urbano Maria Siri, son of Dr. D. Ricardo J. Siri, Counsellor of the Argentine Embassy, and Madame Siri. The godparents were the Argentine Ambassador and Madame Carcano. The Carcano's younger girl, Inez, married Major the Hon. J. J. Astor in 1944

Myself at the Pictures

A Parable and a Film

By James Agate

A FILM parable. There was once a talent-spotter who was paid £10,000 a year to spot talent. For eleven months he kept his eyes open without encountering so much as a ha'porth of aptitude. At the beginning of the twelfth month he decided that what couldn't be spotted must be invented. So he hied him to a suburb full of ordinary-looking girls, stationed himself opposite a fish queue and watched the young women file past. Presently he noticed one of the queue-ers whose eyes had the dreamy look of a codfish. She had no hair to speak of, her complexion was muddy, her back humped, and when she asked

minute sequence. This being shown, the Biggest Noise of All said: "Hell, send that silly bitch back to where she came from!" Is there any more to this story? Yes. The talent-spotter's salary was doubled, the casting director's trebled, and the B.N. of A. gave himself a bonus of £100,000 for Having Made a Decision. End of Parable.

I SUPPOSE tens and tens of thousands have seen the play by Agatha Christie called *Ten Little Niggers*, and have been thrilled and excited by its macabre happenings. So perhaps I may be let off retailing the complicated story which

this film—neither the people, nor the incidents, nor the conversation which, throughout, has that flatness peculiar to pictures where incident comes first and character a long way afterwards.

One asks, why should all these people, obviously in comfortable circumstances, the judge, the general, the doctor, the foreign prince, the middle-aged lady—why should they all be so eager to accept a week-end invitation to a deserted island at the house of a man they have never heard of? Having landed and ensconced themselves in a house sans host and managed by only two servants, both of whom die by foul means within twenty-four hours—what a world is this world of Thrillerdom!—why do they, after the prince has been poisoned by a drugged drink, still go on drinking, presumably from the same cellar? And why the aitchless detective, which is the first part not to fit Roland Young like a glove? One could ask Hollywood a hundred such questions, and Hollywood would just smile and refuse to



1. Wealthy Nicki Collins (Deanna Durbin), who is known to be an avid reader of detective fiction, sees a murder committed out of a train window, but cannot catch sight of the assailant. She tells a fellow passenger and a porter about it



2. While on her search for clues to the murder of Saul Waring, Nicki comes upon his portrait. She also sees a news-reel shot of him and immediately recognizes him as the man she saw killed

for a pound of plaice her voice reeked of commonness. Questioned, she said she had acted quite a bit; once as an Indian maiden in *Hiawatha* at the Albert Hall, and once as a banana-seller in an amateur production of *Chu Chin Chow*. Whereupon she was taken down to the studio at Greensleaves on the Medway and given the once-over by a casting director in receipt of £20,000 a year, but who had yet to cast somebody. O.K., said this expensive gentleman, after one look at the human codfish who was then packed into a crate and sent off to Hollywood where she was kept in plaster of Paris for six months to straighten her back, during which time the manes of horses were grafted on to her head, and interior and exterior decorators messed about with her complexion. Her throat was then sprayed with a mixture of coal tar and fish glue, after which cohorts of camera-men shoved her about, and out of some thousands of shots enough were selected to make a two-

—at least in the film version at the Tivoli—is spoilt, to some people's minds, by the explanation of the mystery at the end. I am not voicing my opinion, but there are folk who like to puzzle over an unexplained crime and don't want to know Who Done It. That is why certain murder cases, like the Wallace Case, the Lizzie Borden Case, and the Madeleine Smith Case, possess an unending fascination for all lovers of crime mysteries. In her comparative old age Madeleine said to a friend of mine whose name I am not at liberty to disclose: "I expect you want to know who did it. Well, I did! And I would do it again tomorrow!" From that moment I lost interest in Madeleine.

THE film version of Mrs. Christie's play gives you the low-down all right. Unfortunately the clearing-up of the mystery—who was responsible for all those murders—isn't very convincing. But then nothing is convincing in

answer. Why should Big Noises ever say anything except tell some menial to bring them £50,000 out of the petty cash?

TRUE, the film is directed by René Clair, and if there is one living director who knows how to wriggle out of a tight corner it is this Monsewer. One remembers how René used to be a great magician, and even in this carelessly put together concoction there are signs of his former skill. Take that silent opening scene, showing the house-party on the boat on the way to the island. The sea is rough, most of the passengers are bad sailors, *mal de mer* is imminent, and matters are not improved by the presence of the cheery boatman who is eating an enormous sandwich of obviously mephitic odour. The wind is high, one of the ladies' veils keeps blowing in every one's face, the luggage falls all over the place, the little scene is quietly, swiftly, most effectively done. This is good directing.

A GOODISH company has been assembled for this film and the casting could not easily have been better. There doesn't, it is true, seem to be the slightest reason for making the judge Irish, but since the part is entrusted to Barry Fitzgerald one doesn't see how that could have been avoided. His playing is what you expect; smooth, suave and finished. Louis Hayward struggles with the dull part of the explorer, and Walter Huston, that excellent

actor, makes the most of the impossible, drunken doctor. The others handle their puppets with skill and craft; one never believes a word they say or a thing they do, but the art of these players hoodwinks one into momentarily believing that such improbable dummies really could exist. Excellent is Judith Anderson as the well-bred middle-aged lady, quite good is the girl of June Duprez, first-class is the doddering general of Sir

Aubrey Smith, and quite adequate, with perhaps a shade less of his usual flamboyant exaggeration, is the Russian Prince of Mischa Auer. So there you are. Good direction, good acting, a thriller you will possibly enjoy. Murders, shrieks, dark rooms, faintings, knives, hatchets, guns, creaking doors, snowstorms, thunderstorms—everything is here for your delight. Go and see *Ten Little Niggers* as soon as you can spare the time.

Deanna Durbin

Is A Singing Sleuth In

"Lady In A Train"



4. Mr. Haskell (Edward Everett Horton) and Wayne Morgan are equally surprised when Morgan's secretary (Jacqueline de Wit) emerges from his bedroom during Haskell's early morning visit



5. Nicki hot on the murder trail goes to the Circus Club with Saul Waring's nephew, Arnold (Dan Duryea), who has mistaken her for a night club singer engaged to his uncle

3. Nicki proceeds to enlist the unwilling aid of her favourite detective writer, Wayne Morgan (David Bruce) and accosts him in the cinema where he is with his fiancée (Patricia Morison). He merely thinks she has imagined everything

● Deanna Durbin's new picture, *Lady in a Train*, gives her the opportunity of becoming yet another of the screen's decorative and resourceful female sleuths. The story moves swiftly from Deanna seeing the murder out of a train window, to the home of the murdered man, a night club and the police station. She is eventually rescued at the eleventh hour, from the hands of the killer, and leaves for her honeymoon with her favourite criminal writer, who she has successfully inveigled into helping her solve the murder



6. Nicki locks the night club singer in her dressing-room cupboard, and goes on instead to do her number. She is afterwards sent for by the proprietor, who is also implicated in the mystery, and finds herself in a tight spot but manages to make her escape



7. Saunders is found murdered in the singer's dressing-room, and Nicki and Morgan get arrested on suspicion but get bailed out. On the point of discovering the killer's identity Nicki is saved from death by the timely arrival of the police and poses triumphantly for the Press after her rescue

The Theatre

"Merrie England" (Princes)

ASSOCIATION, they say, is more potent than the thing itself: by which is meant that if you go often to a bad hotel in good company you grow rather fond of the hotel. Merrie England is like the bad hotel. We have been there so often in the company of Edward German's music that we have grown to like the ridiculous libretto. At the Princes we are invited to share the same good music with a new libretto. That is all very well, but we cannot help regretting the old one.

Merrie England was once the hope of English comic opera. German's enchanting score clearly placed it in the direct Savoy succession. He had not the good fortune, however, to meet a second Gilbert, and Basil Hood's Wardour Street libretto has been a drag on the music ever since. The idea of removing the drag, or at any rate lightening it was a perfectly sound one, for the music, though no longer a hope and a promise, remains a very solid achievement. It is as fresh now as when it was written, and a good deal fresher by comparison with what is written today in the same style. But the idea has not been carried out with complete success.

The writing of a new version was undertaken by Edward Knoblock. He did not live to see the result on the stage; and his friends will feel some surprise that it should show so little evidence of his shrewd theatrical sense. The new libretto is scarcely less ridiculous than

the old one, and in the dialogue Knoblock, like Hood before him, goes knee-deep into sham Elizabethanisms.

Shakespeare with his "one for the highway anon" is a typical example. The story has perhaps a better dramatic shape, but it is less in sympathy with the Arcadian simplicity of much of the music. Knoblock has replaced Windsor with Whitehall, the tinkers and tailors of Windsor Town with the poets of the Mermaid Tavern, he has provided a Spanish spy, a pair of lovers seeking to evade the fury of a jealous queen, and he winds up with the defeat of the Armada. But the quality of the new version is not very different from that of the old, and it has the present disadvantage of being unfamiliar. No doubt we shall grow to like it well enough when we have learned to associate it with German's immortal score.

To change the words of such lyrics as "O Peaceful England" and "The English Rose" was out of the question, and certainly Knoblock's shifts to fit the new story to the old lyrics are extremely ingenious.

It is by the music that any opera, however comic—and *Merrie England*, though happy enough, was never very comic—must stand or fall. The proof of this was provided on the first night by Miss Linda Gray, whose sheer strength of phrasing dominated the company, the house and the situation when she sang

"O Peaceful England." Mr. Dennis Noble and Mr. Heddle Nash were first-rate as Essex and Raleigh. Their "Yeomen of England" and the song of the rose earned hearty encores. Miss Joyce Neale scored a definite personal success with "Hey, Robin." The brunt of the comedy falls upon Miss Edna Clement and Mr. Morris Sweden, and they make wonderfully light of it. Mr. William Mollison is the producer, and though following in the main operatic rather than theatrical conventions in his handling of the chorus, he was quick to take full theatrical advantage of the removal from Windsor to Whitehall. Regal splendour is the note which the setting strikes, and the costumes beautifully sustain. Miss Linda Gray may not be Queen Elizabeth, but she is every inch a queen, and the music and the singing do the rest to keep the house generally happy.

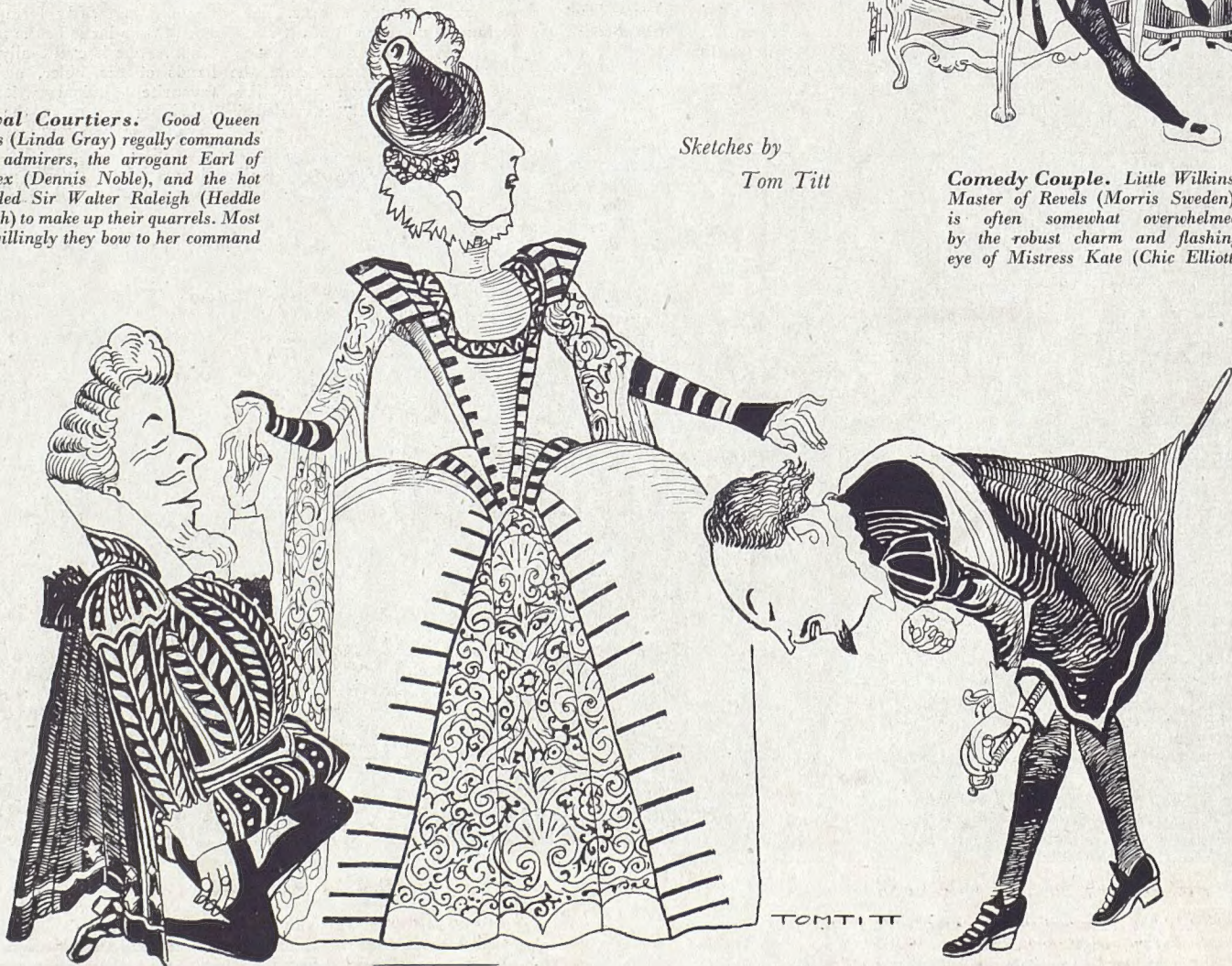
ANTHONY COOKMAN.



Comedy Couple. Little Wilkins, Master of Revels (Morris Sweden), is often somewhat overwhelmed by the robust charm and flashing eye of Mistress Kate (Chic Elliott)

Rival Courtiers. Good Queen Bess (Linda Gray) regally commands her admirers, the arrogant Earl of Essex (Dennis Noble), and the hot headed Sir Walter Raleigh (Heddle Nash) to make up their quarrels. Most unwillingly they bow to her command

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Theatre Newsreel



Fred Daniels
Deborah Kerr is Engaged to a Battle of Britain Pilot



David Gurney
Claude Hulbert's Daughter

Jill Hulbert is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Claude Hulbert and his actress-wife, Enid Trevor. She was photographed outside her parents' London home in Sydney Place

Left: Deborah Kerr, the young British actress, is to marry S/Ldr. Anthony Bartley, D.F.C., eldest son of Sir Charles and Lady Bartley, of Swanbourne, Bucks. S/Ldr. Bartley is credited with at least eight enemy planes shot down in the Battle of Britain

Right: For the first time for many years, Marie Burke and her equally well-known daughter, Patricia, are in England together. They have both travelled many hundreds of miles entertaining the Allied troops in Europe and the Middle East



Swaebe
Mother and Daughter Try Out a New Number



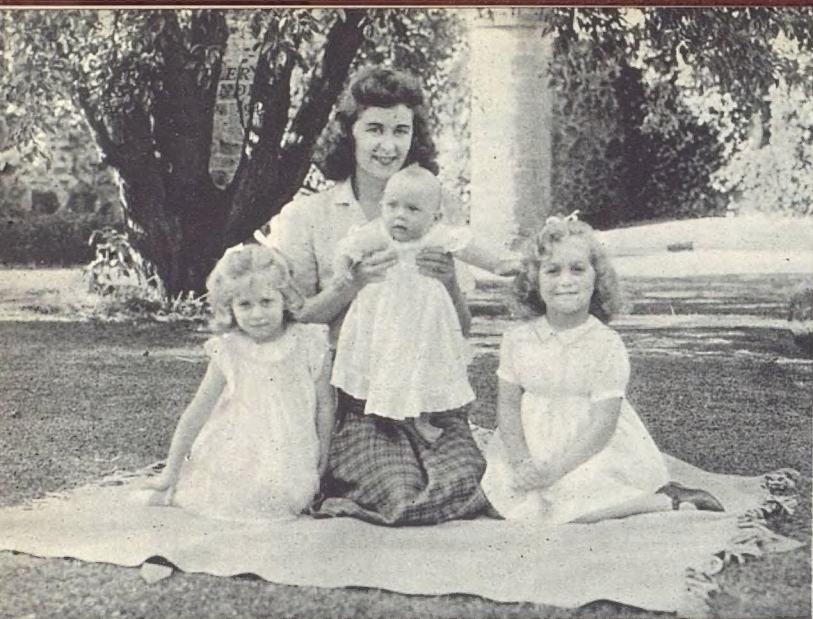
Pick-a-Back for a Two-Year-Old

Phyllis Calvert, one of Britain's leading film-stars, spends all her spare time with her two-year-old daughter, Ann Auriol. In private life Phyllis Calvert is the wife of actor Peter Murray-Hill



A Bird in the Hand

Lilli Palmer's sixteen-months-old son, Rex, spent a day in the studios recently. He is seen with his mother on the Terrace set of "Beware of Pity," in which Lilli Palmer has the starring role. In private life Lilli Palmer is Mrs. Rex Harrison



Clapperton, Selkirk
Lady George Montagu-Douglas-Scott and Her Children

Lady George Montagu-Douglas-Scott is seen with her three children, Georgina, aged three and a half; Charmian, a year and a half younger, and the baby, David, who is six months. Her husband, Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott, is commanding the Northamptonshire Yeomanry with the B.A.O.R.; he is a brother of the Duke of Buccleuch. His wife is Mollie Bishop, the artist



Brodrick Vernon
A Young Couple in Scotland

Viscount French and his attractive young wife are making their temporary headquarters in a cottage on the late Sir Keith Dick-Cunyngham's beautiful Midlothian estate of Prestonfield. Lord French, who is in the Army, is the only son and heir of the Earl of Ypres. His wife is the daughter of Major H. John Kelly, U.S. Army, of Stow Bedon Hall, Norfolk

ON AND OFF DUTY

A Chronicle of Town and Country

Government Hospitality

IN spite of the Government resolve that the first meeting of the "Council of Five"—the all-important permanent conference of the Foreign Ministers of the United Nations—should be characterised by strict austerity, with entertainment cut down to the barest minimum, the presence of the foreign representatives in London, besides focussing world attention again on the capital, has caused a great deal of liveliness and activity in the West End. Private dinner-parties and luncheons, some small, some on quite a large and elaborate scale, have followed on each other's heels at most of the well-known restaurants and hotels, as delegates of the various nations, both those attending the Conference and those others merely standing expectantly on the fringe, played host and guest in turn.

Most important of these social functions was the big reception given by the British Government in the House of Lords to mark the inauguration of the Conference. To Mr. Bevin, making his first appearance as host for the Government, fell the honour of receiving the several hundred guests who thronged the Royal Gallery. Mrs. Bevin and their married daughter, Mrs. Wynne, stood with him, shaking hands with each arrival. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Noel-Baker and Mr. Duff Cooper, our Ambassador in Paris, were among the British representatives present, and most of the Dominion High Commissioners in London were there too. Each of the four principal foreign delegates—Mr. "Jimmy" Byrnes, of the United States; M. Molotov, of the Soviet Union; Dr. Wang Shih-chieh, of China; and M. Bidault, of France—was surrounded throughout the evening, and the whole atmosphere of the party was one of friendly understanding.

Accident

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S riding mishap at Balmoral has had no serious consequences, and Her Royal Highness is quite fit again, except for a slight stiffness and a certain amount of bruising. She is hoping to be able to carry out her two engagements in Hawick and Glasgow later in the month, though it was considered inadvisable for her to attend the youth parade at Dyce Aerodrome on the Sunday following her spill. Princess Margaret, proudly deputising for her sister for the very first time, carried out her duties as substitute with ease and charm at this function, afterwards returning

to Balmoral to make a full report on the proceedings to Princess Elizabeth and to the King and Queen.

This is the first tumble of any consequence at all that the Princess has taken in all the years she has been riding, and probably no announcement of the occurrence would have been made had it not been for the necessity of cancelling her Aberdeen visit. Without any flattery, it can be said that her freedom from spills is the result of her skill as a horsewoman, and certainly not because her ponies and horses have been specially schooled to be quiet. Col. Dermot Kavanagh, the Crown Equerry, who has been largely responsible for teaching her the finer points of riding and driving, was under strict orders from the King and from the Princess herself to spare her no pains, to excuse her no faults while she was under instruction, and to-day the Colonel, who has a cavalryman's expert eye for a rider, regards the Princess as a really first-class performer.

The Red Cross in Angus

THE Dowager Countess of Airlie, President of the Angus Red Cross Society, anxious to show her gratitude to all who have helped her in this very good cause during the war, is to attend gatherings in the various districts throughout the County so that she may meet and thank personally all the workers.

The largest gathering to be held so far was in Forfar, where she met many who have contributed to the success of the Red Cross in that district. The Central Work Depot is under Mrs. Hill, and assisted by many helpers, including Mrs. Elliot Carnegie of Lour, who is the Chief Commissioner of Girl Guides for Scotland, Mrs. Ogilvy and Miss Milne, this depot has made over 47,000 garments for the wounded. Mrs. Gray-Cheape, Mrs. Widgery and Mrs. Cable have run the hospital dressings department, and issued nearly 160,000 dressings during the past six years. A very efficient sphagnum moss depot was started early in the war by Mrs. Carnegie, and later carried on by Mrs. Maitland of Burnside, sister-in-law of Sir John Maitland, where they have turned out over 160,000 dressings, to say nothing of an additional 2000-odd stretcher pillows. The Red Cross "Penny a Week Fund" has done remarkably well in this district too, raising over £6223. Mr. Ogilvy of Inshwan said the County had raised over £58,000 for the fund, and that Angus was among one of the first five counties in Scotland in contributions, the magnificent

sum of over £1,000,000 having been collected in Scotland for the Red Cross "Penny a Week Fund."

"All members of the Angus Red Cross can look back on this page of their lives with justifiable pride," Lady Airlie said in her speech.

Tenants' Party

IT is nice to hear, now that hostilities have ceased, of traditional events being resumed. One of the greatest traditions of all old families is the entertaining of their tenants and employees to celebrate any event in the family, but there have been very few of these gatherings during the war years, and it was a charming idea of the Earl and Countess of Lindsay to invite all their tenants and employees on his Kilconquhar, Cassingray and Wormiston estates in Fifehire to a party and dance, to celebrate the Earl's first leave since peace was signed.

The Earl and Countess, with their young family, welcomed their guests, and the Earl proposed a toast—"The King." Brigadier Crosbie, a famous soldier of the first European War, who lives near by at Muircambus House, Kilconquhar, proposed the health of the host and hostess and made a short speech, speaking of Lord Lindsay's war record. Mr. Sutherland, the factor, was a great help in organising the famous Scottish reels.

Lord Lindsay, who has served with the Scots Guards and was wounded during the war, comes from a line of great soldiers. One of his ancestors, John, the fourth earl, was a celebrated military commander and the first officer to command the Black Watch, then known as "Lord Crawford-Lindsay's Highlanders." Another ancestor, Henry, the ninth earl, commanded with great distinction the Persian Forces in several campaigns from 1804-1836. The present Earl succeeded his father, who lived in America, in 1942. The Countess of Lindsay, who before her marriage in 1925 was Miss Marjorie Cross, is a stepdaughter of the late Lord Hawke, the famous Yorkshire cricketer.

Pilots' Party

BATTLE OF BRITAIN pilots had a great reception from Mr. James Frew, chairman of the Hungaria Restaurant, and Mrs. Frew at the Hungaria on the eve of London's Thanksgiving Savings Week.

Guests of honour were nine famous pilots, G/Capt. S. Turner, D.S.O., D.F.C., F. R. Carey, D.F.C., A.F.C., D.F.M., Scott Malden, D.S.O., D.F.C., D. R. C. Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C., J. Rankin, D.S.O., D.F.C., Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C., and W/Cdrs. Crowley-Milling, D.S.O., D.F.C., S. Tuck, D.S.O., D.F.C., and A. Deere, D.S.O., D.F.C., who, with Air Marshals Sir Hugh Lloyd and Sir Richard Peck, were entertained to a dinner and cabaret dance. Lady Lloyd and Lady Peck accompanied their husbands, and

(Concluded on page 408)

● The "Victory Bells" Appeal in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund was given a stupendous send-off at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. James Frew at the Hungaria Restaurant. The bells have been cast from the metal of German aircraft shot down over this country, and are to be sold to the public at a minimum of £1 to commemorate the R.A.F. victory in the Battle of Britain. On the Committee sponsoring the Appeal are Lord Nuffield, Air Vice-Marshal F. C. Hanaham and Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P.



Air Marshal Sir Hugh Lloyd sat between Lady Cooper and Lady Lloyd. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Frew at the Hungaria, where a large party was held in honour of the Battle of Britain pilots



In a party for six at a round table were Lady Graham Cunningham, F/O. Terry O'Halloran, Mrs. Neville Blond, Sir Graham Cunningham, Miss Simone Laski and Major Neville Blond

"Victory Bells" Party

Photographs by Swaebe



W/Cdr. Alan Deere, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, who also holds the American D.F.C., was with Miss Joan Fenton, to whom he was married a few days later



G/Capt. Rankin, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, brought Mrs. Rankin. "Jamie" is a Scot, and recognised as one of the most astute killers that ever got into a Spitfire's cockpit



Air Marshal Sir Richard Peck and Lady Peck looked happy as money for the Fund poured in. Over £3000 was raised during the evening



G/Capt. "Sailor" Malan, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, young South African whose name will inspire the coming generations for years to come, smoked peacefully sitting beside his wife



G/Capt. Douglas Bader and Mrs. Bader shared confidences. Bader, legless hero of a hundred fights, who holds the double D.S.O. and double D.F.C., reached home early this year after four years in a prison camp



G/Capt. S. Turner, D.S.O., D.F.C., gazes fondly at one of the bells, relic of some German aircraft shot down over this country. At his side is Miss Jill Addison

The September Sales at Newmarket

And a Record Price
for Dante's Brother



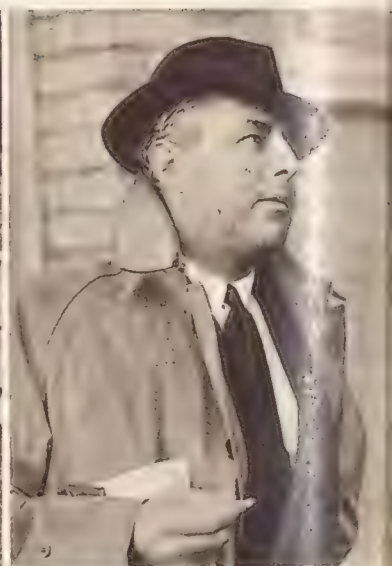
The Duchess of Norfolk wore a gay-coloured scarf over her hair which, owing to the uncertainty of the weather, was the fashion of the day at the Sales



A General View of the Sale Ring



The Brazilian Air Minister and Mme. Salgado Filho, accompanied by Brigadier Vasco Alves Secco, were watching the Sales with interest



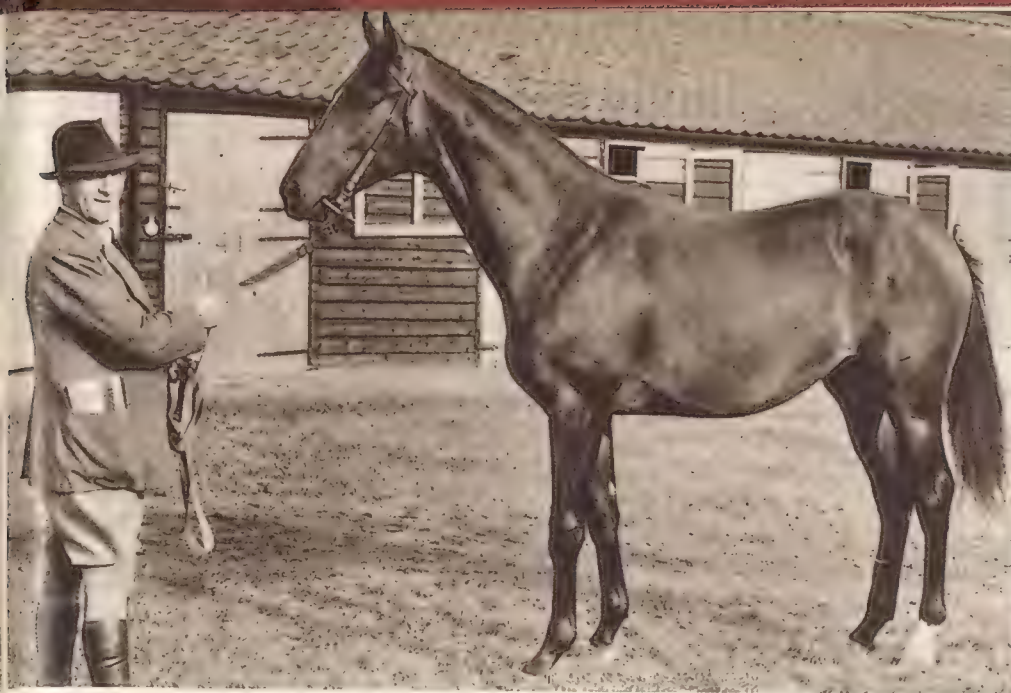
It was an eventful week for Mr. Fred Armstrong, the Gaekwar of Baroda's trainer, who was bidding for him at the Sales



Prince Aly Khan, who was also bidding for his father, the Aga Khan, bought a filly by Fairway out of Dona Sol for 3,000 guineas. He is with Mr. Fred Darling, the trainer



Capt. Wickham-Boynton and Sir Richard Sykes, the owner of the famous Sledmere Stud, were following the proceedings with keen attention



The 28,000-Guinea Yearling by Nearco, Out of Rosy Legend

● A world-record price for a yearling was made when the Gaekwar of Baroda paid 28,000 guineas for Sir Eric Ohlsen's colt. Bids followed in such quick succession that the huge crowds who came to watch the proceedings were tense with excitement, and the bidding lasted only two minutes. One of the partners in Tattersalls stated that this week's Sales were the best ever. A satisfactory feature was that nearly a quarter of the money came from foreign buyers. The Gaekwar of Baroda contributed almost 78,000 guineas to the total of 537,030 guineas



The Gaekwar of Baroda, the man who paid the world-record price for a yearling, was discussing the day's events with Mr. J. Rank



Sir Alfred Butt, of Clarehaven, Newmarket, has been a well-known owner in the racing world for many years, and is a former M.P. for Wandsworth



Two spectators were Mr. and Mrs. J. Muscar. The Sales broke all records with an aggregate of £563,881 for 319 lots at an average price of 1,688 guineas



Mrs. Goodbody, Mrs. R. Hoare and Mrs. McCall, who is the owner of the Tally Ho! Stud, were with Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the King's trainer, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford



The Earl of Carnarvon, whose stud is at Highclere, Newbury, and always has some very good horses, was talking to the trainer, Mr. Norman Scobie

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SEVERAL of the 44 industrial magnates of the Ruhr when recently arrested by the Security Police were wearing long white nighties, a Special Correspt. reported, and at least one of them wore a nightcap, like Mr. Pickwick. This fact lends those big boys a homely benevolent air one does not usually associate with the intensely rich.

Leading British financiers generally go to beddybys in costly silk pyjamas *de chez Charvet*, of striking and even dizzying design, a chap in close touch with the big money tells us. This is an Oriental foible due to that prevailing Haroun-al-Raschid Complex, except that you rarely find those boys rewarding a chance beggar in the street with 5000 gold sequins and 50 dancing-girls. Big Business moguls in the Ruhr have a Dickensy-Grampa-Complex, lying in bed in their long white nighties, benignly sipping gruel and blessing everybody and weeping copiously for pure goodness. Maybe if you ever want to chisel some dough out of them you have to dress up like Little Nell and cry down their kind old scraggy necks, first of all (unless you are crazy) removing any personal jewellery or trinkets of value.

Arresting such figures must be like arresting Father Christmas or the Brothers

Cheeryble. We bet the Security Police look a bit red-eyed and shamefaced at this moment. Did he say anything on arrest, Sergeant? Yes, S-sir, he s-said G-god b-b-bless you, T-tiny T-tim. L-leave me, S-sergeant, I would b-be al-lone.

Pierrot

THIS would seem to be Heartsease Week, we thought, noting Major Quisling's poignant words to his judges, on the last day of the trial, about the great heart of Adolf Hitler breaking because (he told Quisling) he had not reached a friendly understanding with England before 1939.

So that famous photograph of Hitler dancing a jig at the news of the fall of France presumably concealed a tragedy as bitter as the clown's in *Pagliacci*. This situation, familiar to lovers of art and life, was the invention, a knowledgeable chap once assured us, of the great Parisian mime Deburau in the 1850's and pure flaffa; but he lied. We ourselves have seen a clown steal from the noisy, garish arena to wipe

away a heartbroken tear. It was Coco (or possibly Charley, or maybe one of the other clowns, we forget now) of the Cirque de Paris. His story was a painful one. He had an hour previously received news of a beloved horse which had found itself unable, owing to illness or debility, to run at Longchamps that afternoon as promised by the oracles of *Paris-Sport*. On drying his tears Pierrot's allusions to his humble equine friend (also a much-loved bookie, his part-owner) were almost unbearable in their poignancy. Even the impassive ringmaster, Monsieur Loyal, had a film over his haughty eyes.

Europe's late leading clown likewise may have been bleeding internally for unrequited love as he danced his jig that summer day of 1940. No wonder his attitude towards us for the next five years bordered on the peevish.

Joke

A REMARK by Auntie Times to the effect that to assemble some 200 Hindu and Muslim (or, as gentlemen say, Moslem) politicians in Delhi to discuss the future of India would be merely "an invitation to a dogfight" reminded us of a joke we once heard a retired Anglo-Indian Civilian make in a golf club, right off the bat.

Talking of the time-honoured way in which angry mobs are dispersed by police in India, this Civilian, a very serious person, said quite suddenly: "As Harry Lauder used to say, I love a *lathi*." When the laughter had died away he explained that a *lathi* is a bamboo stick issued to the police. We knew somehow he had been working up to that one and only joke all his life. As



Mervyn Wilson.

"So what? Half-an-hour ain't long for thinking of getting wed"



Anton

"What sort of a portable house?"

a little sniffy boy in Cheltenham he had thought of it one night after a Christmas party; had entered for the Indian Civil examination for that sole purpose; had matured it for long years through heat and rains, sunstroke and dysentery, troubles with tiffin and shikaris and chotapegs and khitmagars and District Commissioners and wallahs of every hue; had retired and come Home with it, and had finally launched it at the right moment on a bar full of stock-brokers and retired Naval paymasters and ex-rubber-planters from Malaya, all gently plastered; the audience he had been waiting for doggedly since the year 1908.

Naturally there was one man who didn't laugh. He said abruptly "*Lassie, lassie,*" and vanished to change into his flannels for a jolly good crack at the nets.

Beam

THAT fixed eternal Japanese smile seen in the prints of Hokusai and, more recently, on the pans of Hon. Surrendering High-Ups, must be getting on the nerves of the troops to some extent. It can't be helped, a chap tells us. It's ritual, like the smile of the celebrated Seven Ronins (no relations of Little Annie Ronin of the old Broadway love-ballad). Nor is it precisely a smile, at that.

When Whistler was cashing in on *japonaiserie*, cribbed from the Goncourts, in the 1880's, Swinburne vexed him madly by calling Japanese art "the gospel of the grin." Looking up the Oxford English Dictionary in your behalf, poor drudges that we are, we find a subtle difference:

Grin, I.v.i. (-nn-). Show teeth in pain or in (esp. stupid or forced) smile (often at).

Smile, I.n. A relaxation of the features, often with parting of the lips, expressive of affection, pleasure, amusement, contempt, &c.

The samurai don't relax and we doubt if their expression conveys affection to any extent. It's a grin, then. Like a West End Juliet's in the balcony scene.

Chum

WHAT quantity of tears is being shed by the henwives of Plympton, Devon, who have been ordered by the local council to cut their hens down to five or get out,



"Don't want to hurry you folk—but you're cutting it fine for that last bus"

we couldn't say. It is possible to acquire a cool liking for a given hen, but no great absorbing passion.

Many of us down in the Hick Belt have no more feeling for hens, indeed, than if they were our wives. Possibly this is because hens remind us of many abhorrent aspects of urban life. Hens are a cynical and greedy race, so greedy that they will even stop pecking a disabled comrade to death if you chuck them a handful of corn. Yet hens are often perfect little mothers, and will cherish a curious lifelong affection for the product of any egg you give them to hatch, such as duck eggs, goose eggs, possibly even ostrich or roc eggs. They are also capable of untiring friendship with lonely horses, as Gilbert White of Selborne noted; from which we deduce that they would also befriend lonely cricketers if you gave them the chance.

Impulse

SINCE jungle music awakes jungle impulses, it doesn't grieve or surprise us particularly to note an increasing number of citizens being shot or stabbed at dance-halls. All that surprises us is that the victims of Bugs Burpstein and his Voodoo Vikings are so few.

The last kind of dance which noticeably affected the Race and caused it to unleash its worst passions was the waltz, we believe. Coming on the heels of the minuet and the country-dance, this shameful German importation, enabling hot-eyed gentlemen with fluorescent whiskers to envelop muslined English Roses in a licentious half-Nelson and twirl them round and round like dizzy bacchanals, got a very indignant reception indeed to begin with, especially from the Press boys, who can never stand anything base or un-English. Not a few duels, maybe, could be traced to the early waltz as well.

"Sir, that female you presume to enfold amid the giddy mazes of the dance in your presumptuous lewd embraces is my sister!"

"Sir, your insinuation that the honour of any respectable British female is not safe in my hands is a foul slander!"

"Sir, my card."

"Sir, my friends shall wait upon you."

Nobody ever asked the wide-eyed English Rose if she wanted her despoiler pipped at Weybridge a day or two later at 5 a.m. Gentlemen are so odd. Nowadays they shoot and stab each other while actually dancing to the negroid tom-toms. Gentlemen are so odd.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Surely, George, this is no time to clean the carburettor?"

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

The Coupe de Paris Automobile

DO.A.H.—Having turned in early one evening, after a hectic day, I was bounced out of my beauty sleep by the most shattering crash I have ever heard, even in these last years. As I groped for the light-switch, my husband dashed in at one door to see if I was scared and my Abigail by the other, because she was! Having seen one of the trial explosions of an experimental atomic bomb—filmed, at a distance of five miles, somewhere in Mexico and shown by a U.S. news-reel to the Paris troops—I felt certain of what had happened. "It's a Jap come-back!" I yelled . . . and then we all laughed. Never have I heard, seen, or felt such a thunderstorm. Our old house (mentioned in the census of the year 1628) absolutely rocked, the sky was a quivering, electric blue, with occasional plum-blue patches when the lightning paused, while the rain hissed and tattooed on roof and leaves

espadrilles (young hooligans), and the tiny scratchy crescents of Louis XV. heels (Saucy Sillies). I am no automobile race fan, but this affair was quite thrilling, with its pre-war cars which looked as if they might fly to pieces at any moment. Some of them did, but without harm to driver or spectators. It is a miracle that no real damage was done, given the inadequacy of the barriers that were supposed to hold back the crowd and the number of stray dogs that wandered around. There seemed to be about a million agents de police, but I discovered afterwards that more than half of these were there incognito, not being on duty but having come along in uniform in order to get into the circuit without paying! The gate money demanded was quite tallish. A hundred francs for a look-see wherever one could find standing-room near the course and a thousand francs to park one's sit-upon on the hardest benches I have ever



Parisian "Fantasy of Fashion" at the Prince's Galleries

This exhibition of Paris fashions in miniature, which was opened by the French Ambassador, M. Massigli, is the first to come from abroad since the beginning of the war. It has been produced by the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, and has the Duchess of Kent as patron. Mme. Massigli is seen admiring some of the miniature models

and garden, not to mention the ambulance (which badly needed washing—and got it!). Next morning I had only to wipe it down and it was all ready to go on duty at the Coupe de Paris Automobile, which took place in the Bois de Boulogne.

IN this still-warm weather the car lives, at night, in my cour d'honneur, the housing problem for ve-hi-cles being as difficult as it is for humans, which makes me wonder what will happen when winter comes to rule. Meanwhile, however, it gets its washing and housing all gratis-and-free-fer-nuffink, which is all to the good. Last night I hoped for another down-pour after the doings at the Pavillon Chinois, where we were parked, at a hairpin bend on the course, in order to be ready to pick up the bits and pieces, but I hoped in vain, and my beautiful dove-grey bus is still scarred all over with the marks of rubber soles (U.S.A.), hob-nails (the Paris police), the torsades of rope

sampled. No wonder the crowd made a dash for our ambulances. We spent a good part of our time throwing them off, and not too gently. In fact, one young ruffian, who was scratching his initials on a panel, came down with such a crack that we picked him up and put him inside to recuperate. When he came to we gave him a swig of brandy, which he swallowed in such a hurry that he didn't notice the dollop of castor oil it masked. I hope he enjoyed the rest of the afternoon. That was all right with the hoi polloi, but when the U.S. Army and the off-duty flics decided that the roof of the Mercedes made a fine grandstand we gave up the unequal struggle.

LET me whisper it low—the Paris police are badly out of hand! There are the splendid fellows who were the first to start the Liberation movement, digging themselves into the Hotel de Ville and the Préfecture when the Allies were still miles away from Paris, but there are also the—one hardly knows what to call



A Courageous Actress

Mlle. Madeleine Lambert's war-work activities took such a heavy toll of her health that in 1941 she was told that she had only a few months to live. However, she is to be congratulated on having fooled the doctors, and has courageously started a new job of entertaining the troops with all her old charm and vivacity

'em—who have drifted into the job because it now seems to be such an easy one. No night duty, for instance! Night-club workers and dancers are scared to go home in the wee sma' hours, so many of them have been held up and robbed recently. Paris dailies are not allowed to report this, so what are we coming to?

WE hear a great deal about the paper shortage over here, and newspapers are still printed on small and flimsy sheets, but never, in all history of journalism, have there been so many of them. Roughly writing, there are some thirty-four daily papers priced at two francs and about two hundred periodicals costing anything between ten and fifty francs. The famous monthly fashion journal *Femina*, which ceased publication in '40, now comes out twice a year and costs a hundred francs. The *Illustration* is due to appear again, but under another name, as it went all "collaboration" during Occupation, and several other, as yet unnamed, magazines de luxe are heralded. A week or so ago there were only about thirty dailies, but fresh ones crop up every day, especially in the provinces. *Le Courier de Paris* is announced for the end of September, but this may be a welcome event, since Jean Cocteau is to be its dramatic critic and Henry Malherbe and René Brunswick are on the staff.

ALITTLE while back I rather spread myself over the news of the transformation of the Théâtre Pigalle into the Folies Montmartre. This is reported "all off." Baron Henri de Rothschild, somewhat belatedly, refuses to O.K. the transaction, and the Revue producers, with Geneviève Guitry and Harry Randall en tête, are now in quest of a theatre. One hopes they will find it, for Paris is badly in need of a really fine show. Lido and Tabarin excepted, the music-halls now open are revoltingly stupid, dirty—in every sense of the word—and slovenly. This is a pity, when one knows what has been done, and can be done. I hold no brief for spectacular productions, but I vow that it would not have disgraced the Pigalle to house the sort of show that Maurice Hermite will put on. Instead we shall probably see a more or less highbrow three-act play, with one décor, which could just as well be produced in any other theatre, and all the wonderful machinery of the Pigalle will continue to rust. Sheer foolishness, to my mind.

PRISCILLA.



Photographs by
Angus McBean

In Character and in Life

Joyce Redman: the Actress and the Woman

● The new season of the Old Vic Company at the New Theatre opens to-night with *Henry IV*. (Part I.). *Henry IV*. (Part II.) follows on Wednesday, October 3rd, and it is in this presentation that Joyce Redman will be seen in her fine characterisation of Doll Tearsheet. Joyce Redman made her first big success as Brigid, the little Irish servant in Paul Vincent Carroll's lovely but short-lived play *Shadow and Substance*. She followed Pamela Brown in the title-role of *Claudia* and gave proof of brilliant versatility in the first season of the Old Vic Company. In their new season, the Company, under the direction of John Burrell, Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson, will present *Henry IV*. (Parts I. and II.), Sophocles' *Edipus* and Sheridan's *The Critic*





Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay and Her Small Daughter, Kirsty



A family party on the steps included Malcolm Drummond-Hay, Lady David Douglas-Hamilton, Jane Drummond-Hay, Diarmid Douglas-Hamilton, Annala Drummond-Hay, Iain Douglas-Hamilton and Kirsty Drummond-Hay



Seggieden, on the Bank

Two Sisters-in-Law and The Families in Perthshire

Lady David Douglas-Hamilton and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay



Malcolm Drummond-Hay is learning to play the bagpipes, and is seen putting in some hard practising on his chanter in the garden of his home, Seggieden



of the Tay Near Perth

● Seggieden, where these photographs were taken, is the Scottish home of Major Jimmie Drummond-Hay, who has recently returned to this country after serving with the Coldstream Guards in the East. His wife, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, is the younger sister of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. Also at this family gathering were Lady David Douglas-Hamilton and her two small sons, Diarmid and Iain; she was the former Miss Prunella Stack before her marriage to the late S/Ldr. Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, the Duke of Hamilton's youngest brother, who was killed on active service with the R.A.F. The Drummond-Hay family are all keen horsemen, and Lady Margaret recently held a successful Pony Club gymkhana at Seggieden

Photographs by Brodrick Vernon



Lady David Douglas-Hamilton and Her Sons, Diarmid and Iain



A trio of two men and a girl who seemed to enjoy being photographed were Kirsty Drummond-Hay and her cousins, Diarmid and Iain Douglas-Hamilton



Jane Drummond-Hay seemed to prefer bareback riding on her very handsome grey pony, but her mother, accompanied by little Kirsty, put a steadying hand on its halter while they faced the camera

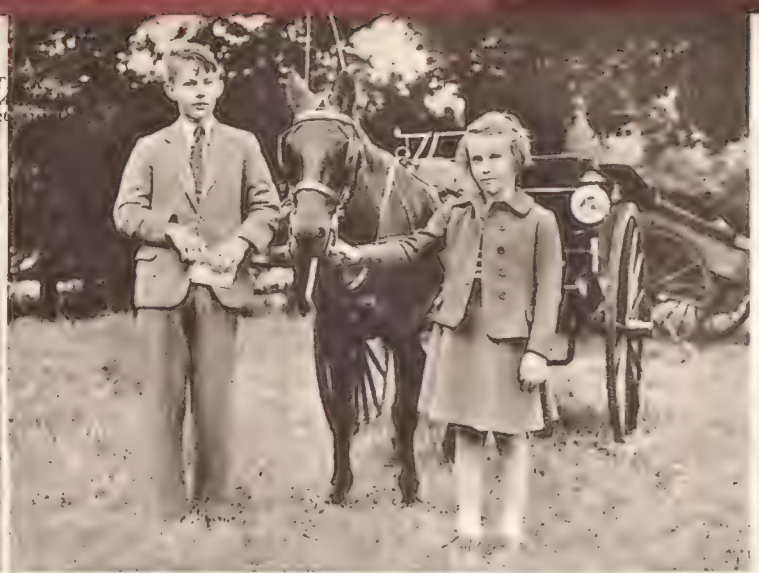


Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

One of South Africa's Leading Statesmen

Senator the Hon. Charles
Francis Clarkson, O.B.E.

Senator Clarkson has recently concluded an official visit to London as the Union of South Africa's principal delegate to the Dominions Communications Conference. Young at sixty-four years, he proved an ardent tourist, visiting South African troops in Egypt while he was en route for England, and going on many other extensive trips while he was over here. In his own country Senator Clarkson is an extremely busy man, for besides being Minister of the Interior, Posts and Telegraphs, and Public Works, he is Building Controller. A lawyer by profession, he was born and educated in Durban, Natal, and is married, with three daughters, and a son who is a Major in the South African Army. Before returning to South Africa, Senator Clarkson had the honour of being received by the King at Buckingham Palace.



Berkshire Driving Club's Annual Show at Kingswood House, Twyford, Berkshire

Major Viscount de Jonghe was looking on while Mr. Wynmalen was busy judging Mrs. Simond's Romany Lass, a very well-groomed small pony, at the Berkshire Driving Club's show

Two young prize-winners who were looking proud of themselves were the Hon. James and his younger sister the Hon. Susan Remnant, Lord and Lady Remnant's two children, whose home is at Bear Place, Twyford

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

British Bloodstock

IF further proof of the great national value of our British bloodstock industry were needed—which, of course, it is not, and never has been, in spite of the barrage from the anti's—it would be provided in overwhelming volume by what has happened at the recent Newmarket Sales: an English, and therefore a world's record for yearlings—537,030 guineas; average of 1688 guineas. Here we are at the end of the greatest and most universally devastating war in history, and yet we find hard-headed business people ready to pay 28,000 guineas for a yearling, just because they know that, even if he proves a complete failure on the racecourse, his blood is of such high quality that the possibility of loss is completely negligible. H.H. the Gaekwar of Baroda was the actual purchaser who paid this record figure for an own brother to the now-world-famous Dante, and this capped H.H.'s record bid of 4600 guineas merely for a nomination to Nearco, Dante's sire. Now the point is this: that these individual happenings, good as they are as evidence of faith in a particular strain that has proved its worth on the racecourse, are only a part of the story. Look over the list and see

for yourself. Blue Peter, Hyperion, Fairway, Solario, Hurry On, Phalaris, Foxhunter and all the countless permutations—take them where and how you will—tell the same story, the story of the abounding and continuing excellence of the British thoroughbred blood, founded upon those superb "stones" which came to us some centuries ago from the stout sires of Arabia. That which the Arab brought us, the wonderful phosphates in our grass have improved and strengthened, bestowing upon these British Isles something very nearly approaching a trade monopoly, of which it will be quite impossible to deprive us until that sorry day when we are atomised and distributed into very thin air. And yet there are those who will say: why spend money upon breeding instruments of gaming, produced with the sole object of inducing John Smith to lose the housekeeping half-crowns on the 2.30, and thus bring his starving wife and children to destitution? There will always be John Smiths—and there will always be fools. The argument is a short-ranged one and misses the big target. Our bloodstock is a great national asset, and its worth has stood the severe test of time. It enriches the national wealth, because all that

comes into a country must necessarily bring about that result, and, in this particular instance, it is a source of revenue that is not in the least bit likely to be extinguished by outside competition. Here is the source of the river, and those who would drink of its waters must, perforce, come back to refill their pitchers.

High Fertility

IT is perhaps quite unnecessary to elaborate the subject. A very few examples: Hyperion's winning descendants for this season alone top double figures; so do Nearco's, Fair Trial's (by Fairway), Bois Roussel's, and out of forty services in one season by Blue Peter, only four failed to produce results. And so we might go on. The big point is the high rate of fecundity, and the all-round high quality. And whilst on this subject, it is still necessary, I find, to rebut the impression that Italy has wiped our eye because, so say the unthinking, Nearco is an Italian. His dam, Nogara, was by Havresac II. by Rabelais; Nogara's dam was by Spearmint out of Sibola; Nearco's sire was Pharos by Phalaris out of Scapa Flow by Chaucer. The fact that he was foaled in Italy seems to recede before these facts. Dante's dam, Rosy Legend, is chock-full of St. Simon blood; the speedy Amphion, St. Frusquin, Gallinule will supply some clues to the studious. The sire's breeding has already been set out; the result—a racehorse full of the best blood this country has ever known, and for which an Indian Prince has been ready to pay 28,000 guineas for an unknown quantity.

(Concluded on page 404)



Youth and Experience D. R. Stuart

J. F. Jones (right), who represented Scotland at cricket from 1930-39, was giving a few hints to Duncan McPherson, who captained the Fettes XI. this season, and is the most successful bat that the school has produced since the war



Illustrated Newspapers' Invitation Golf Meeting

Mr. P. Vickery, with a score of seventy-four, was the winner of the Challenge Cup presented by Illustrated Newspapers at the Invitation Golf Meeting held at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club. Lord Southwood, accompanied by Mr. W. C. Nisbett, is seen presenting the cup to Mr. Vickery



The W.A.A.F. Draws with the A.T.S. at the Inter-Services Cricket Final at Sudbury

D. R. Stuart

The W.A.A.F.s, who drew with the A.T.S., making 35 for 5 wickets, beat the W.R.N.S. at the Inter-Services cricket final, held at Sudbury. Sitting: J. Wilkinson, E. Owsley, Flt/O. S. M. Swinburne (captain), H. Back, B. Lloyd. Standing: J. Birley, P. Hughill, D. M. Etholen, D. M. Bennion, J. Brown, J. Potter

The A.T.S. have two English International cricketers in their XI, S/Cdr MacLagan and Muriel Lowe, who toured Australia, and met the Australian Women's side over here in 1938. Sitting: M. P. Sulman, P. M. Snook, M. E. MacLagan (captain), M. Lowe, M. A. Sulman. Standing: I. Armstrong, A. Hine-Haycock, E. E. Bowles, E. Oldfield, E. Myson, V. Holsworth

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Polo Flash-back

AN interesting letter arrives to me from someone in one of the Armies of Occupation in Europe about the Inter-Regimental final of 1936, to which reference was made in these notes a little while ago. The contest was between the Royal Navy team and the 12th Lancers, the latter winning after it had looked a pretty good thing for the Navy. However, the letter had better speak for itself, so here it is:

Ever since 1936, when the 12th Lancers won the Inter-Regimental, you have occasionally made reference to the effect of Heywood Lonsdale's accident in that game. I see a reference in your article in *The Tatler* of July 25th. Naturally, I don't agree that this accident made the difference you suggest. To begin with, Heywood-Lonsdale marked the 12th back as closely and as unremittingly after as before—a plucky effort with a damaged leg. Also, the score of 4-1 at the beginning of the fifth chukker included the penalty which knocked Lonsdale over. The reason the Navy had hit three goals to the 12th's one before this accident can be attributed to false

strategy on their part. On a desperately wet ground they had been sticking to their fast, galloping ponies, who were at sea for four chukkers. In the fifth and sixth chukkers they got on to the old, handy ponies they had schooled in Cairo, and which up to then had been below London pace. They should have got on to them earlier. As it was, they put the 12th right at once, turned inside their opponents, and enabled them to play proper polo. It was most unfortunate that H. Lonsdale was knocked over, and to an onlooker I can appreciate the inference drawn. But, as I say, he knocked the 12th back round as lightheartedly as ever after the fall. The 12th ought to have won more Regimentals—but they lost when in front twice, and allowed Guinness to run amok. No excuse for that. In 1939 they were unlucky—as their No. 3 was rolled out on the previous Saturday when playing for Someries House. A most unpopular fall—since he was in bed during the whole of the week and had to play strapped up (from bed) in both semi-final and final. The 12th were leading the 10th in the fifth chukker, but condition and pain made their No. 3 a complete passenger in the final two chukkers. I don't suppose we shall ever see another Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham, or any good polo in London. It was fun while it lasted. How well the polo players responded in this war (with one notable exception)—poor Hexie Hughes, Gerald and R. Balding, the Traill boys—one of whom

was killed flying, and the other I saw ride a winner here in Austria last week. Aidan Roark joined the U.S. Cavalry, and Buller went back to the R.A.F. And last but not least, Deeds and Archie David were both in harness, although neither are spring chickens. Of the soldiers, the loss of "Chicken" Walford and Desmond Miller and Alex Wernher is deplorable; Mike Ansell so badly wounded as to make polo impossible. Apologies for such a screed, but thinking of polo made my pen run away with me. It's interesting to note that both Mountbatten and McCreery went to the top in this war.

A Clue?

IT may aid the highly expert sleuths who I have already done so much in the way of tracking down The Undesirables still at large, to present them with the name Sauerbruch. He is rated Germany's plastic and orthopaedic surgeon No. 1, and he is known to have been in close contact with War Criminal No. 1. The only thing against the suggestion that he may have aided the Leading Character in effecting a complete disguise is that he would have had to do the same thing for the Leading Lady. Sauerbruch, however, is such an artist that nothing could be rated as beyond the power of his skilful scalpel. Hitler is "officially" dead, but . . . !



Cricket Personalities of Yesterday and To-Day at Scarborough's 59th Cricket Festival

Victor Hey, Scarborough

Mr. H. D. Leveson-Gower, who has organised the Festival for many years, and captained the M.C.C. against Yorkshire at the Festival for over thirty years, was with Mr. David Denton, a well-known cricketer in a great Yorkshire team of the 'nineties

The President, Mr. Halliday Huggan, seen with his wife, is an old cricketer and has been a member of the Scarborough Club for many years; he is also a former Master of the Staintondale

A cheerful foursome of New Zealand cricketers of to-day were R. J. Hogan, E. Badcock, M. P. Donnelly, the brilliant batsman who put up the first hundred at the Festival, and the captain, H. K. James



Vivian, Hereford
Officers of an Air Crew School

Front row: S/Ldrs. J. D. Peterkin, W. F. Danton, W. Miller, G. B. Gilbert, W/Cdr. H. E. R. Nelson, W/Cdr. E. G. Bunce-Phillips (S.T.O.), A/Cdre. S. H. Ware (Commandant), W/Cdr. E. G. Couch, W/Cdr. A. L. Brain, S/Ldrs. P. W. S. Waddington, F. W. Fergus, H. J. W. Grainger, C. V. Richardson. Second row: F/Lt. A. A. N. MacGregor, S/Ldr. A. J. A. Laing, F/Lts. P. J. W. Cayley, P. J. Rolt, J. E. Briggs, S/Ldr. L. C. Lovell, S/Ldr. A. P. Singleton, F/Lt. G. V. Herd, S/Ldr. A. A. Baxter, S/Ldr. H. A. Lax, F/Lts. F. R. Oddy, K. H. Entwistle, H. J. Edwards, F. L. Whitley, A. B. Laithwaite, J. A. C. Kendle, A. T. Forbes. Third row: F/Lt. J. S. Powell, F/O. W. J. C. Mills, F/Lts. H. B. C. Evans, E. A. Primmer, C. Hollford, C. J. White, A. C. Hannan, N. R. T. Johnson, H. J. White, J. R. Linklater, W. Plevin, H. A. Taylor, C. W. Beddows, T. H. Drury, A. J. Orbell. Back row: F/Lts. R. T. Child, N. G. Asprey, V. B. D. Watford, S. Myatt, R. Caldecott, T. E. Hughes, A. G. Crouch, M. N. Balsille, W. Tennant, L. E. Ticehurst, W/O. T. A. G. Tulloch, S/Ldr. R. A. Thomson, F/O. H. C. Drake, F/Lt. A. Smart

Service Groups



**Officers of a Battalion of
The Loyal Regt. M.E.F.**

Front row: Lts. J. E. Standley, A. F. Chetland, W. H. Massey, A. E. Davis, T. E. Winstanley, Capt. E. B. Wigg, Capt. A. S. Cox (R.A.M.C.), Lt. G. E. Apps. Second row: Capt. W. D. Freestone, Majors J. C. Hill, D. J. M. Muffett, R. V. Boyles, Lt.-Col. G. A. Rimbault, D.S.O., M.C., Capt. E. W. Black, Major J. Taylor, M.C., Major J. F. Winn, M.C., Capt. Pennington. Third row: Rev. G. F. Dow, Lt. B. H. Whitehead, Capt. C. E. Robertson, Lt. H. B. Cotton, Lt. D. A. Varty, Capt. R. M. Broadbent, Capt. J. Barnes, Lt. D. L. T. Musson, Capt. A. C. Cook, Lt. A. J. Dymond, M.C., Capt. A. H. Culyer, Capt. A. Green, M.C. Back row: Capt. D. H. Wilton, M.M., Lts. E. N. M. Isaacs, C. Richardson, D. B. Corlett, A. J. Best, F. B. Kenney, H. T. Norman



Greaves, Halifax
**Officers of No. 3 (Holding)
Battalion, R.E.**

Front row: Jnr. Cdr. M. Townley, Capt. B. Northen, Major P. F. C. Winwood, Major C. R. Minchin, Lt.-Col. R. R. Caws, T.D., Major H. Jarratt, Major A. Hanson, Capt. N. L. Edwards, Jnr. Cdr. P. Norman. Middle row: Sub. Stanton, 2nd Sub. Mackay, Capt. G. A. S. Norris, T. M. Davies, R.A.M.C., L. White, A. S. Hogg, T. A. McIntosh, C. G. Coates, 2nd Lt. W. M. Cook, 2nd Sub. Stanniford. Back row: Lts. C. W. Newman, F. E. Watson, T. Emmett, R. L. Preece, W. S. Bowman, G. M. Thomson, W. E. Giles, D. G. Yendole, L. F. Smith

Right—front row: Capt. W. R. Youngan, Majors E. Allen, A. J. Wittick, B. G. Marriott, Chief Cdr. M. Grant, Lt.-Col. J. J. Dillon, M.C., Major L. R. Riches, Major C. P. A. Hayden, M.M., S/Cdr. N. Harlow, Capt. H. G. M. Smith, A. H. Gimson. Middle row: Capt. C. H. Blundell, W. V. H. Allport, T. W. Pettitt, J/Cdr. M. MacKenzie, Sub. D. A. K. Stuart, Jnr. Cdr. M. E. D. Stein, Sub. M. W. Russell, Capt. J. Seymour, J. Shepherd, J. A. L. Bryan, G. H. Wall. Back row: Capt. G. W. Angus, Lt. A. B. Jones, Capt. H. C. Mather, Capt. H. B. Weston, Lt. R. R. Hamilton, Capt. G. C. Simpson, Capt. E. C. O. Cannell, Lts. W. Hogg, D. J. Tunmore, R. A. Smart



Officers of the Royal Army Service Corps, N.H.D.

Paterson, Inverness

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Elizabeth Bowen

Love Astray

ALLAN SEAGER, an American, is already well known as a short-storyist: his work has been appearing for some time in magazines in his own country, and in collections over here. Since 1935 he has been instructor in English at the University of Michigan. There is nothing academic about his first novel, *Equinox* (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.)—though there is something striking about the precision and power of his style. *Equinox* is a novel on a large scale—detailed, deliberate, full of conversations, criss-crossed by sometimes tortuous streams of thought, mounting to its climax by a gradation of small scenes—scenes often so restrained that only slowly does one feel their awesome cumulative effect. The characters are few, but full—that is to say, they brim over and fill the book.

I stress the sobriety of Mr. Seager's manner, because such sobriety is essential. *Equinox*; frankly, has a terrible theme—the distortion of a young girl's love for her father by a group of warped adult minds. Mary Miles, who at seventeen runs away from a convent school in order to keep house for her father, Richard, in New York, perishes like a flower in poisoned air. Richard Miles, a successful newspaper man, a cosmopolitan forty-year-old American who has forgotten how to live in his own country, inexplicably decides to leave Europe just as things are, in the view of most of his confrères, getting interesting: i.e., in the late autumn of 1939. Disillusionment with the Old World, which he has loved too well, and disgust with himself and his way of life, combine in him to produce a curious mood. The gilt is off the gingerbread: now he wants simple fare. His daughter (whom he has not seen since she was ten years old) and the home he is planning to make for her represent a new start. He wants, or believes he wants, what is sane and normal. Unhappily, this is just what he cannot take.

Destroyers

THE scene is New York—that city in which so few of its millions of dwellers are indigenous. The time is the first winter of the war. The time is important, because Richard and the handful of sophisticates who are his only friends are temperamentally hyper-European: they cannot forget what is happening across the water; everything in their private lives is overshadowed, and to an extent symbolised, by the movements of the Allied and Axis Powers. Margery Elliot, who had been Richard's mistress when they were both in Paris, attempts to recapture him when he returns to New York—having failed, she marries the despicable Henry Verplanck, amateur psycho-analyst, human spider. Verplanck, when we first meet him, is at work on Seward Stephenson, a drunken poet, who ultimately dies of his ministrations.

It is to Verplanck, of all people, that Richard Miles

turns for help in his relationship with his own daughter. It might seem inconceivable that any man, any father, could allow an outsider to foul his nest. It is certainly very un-English—and, I should have thought, very un-American. Somehow, Mr. Seager so handles Richard Miles as to make him a far-from-unsympathetic (though never at any time admirable) character. His psychological blindness, his crazy fears, his inability to cope with anything normal, rouse, primarily, one's horror and pity. Also, so convincingly is *Equinox* written that one asks oneself, *has the world* (or, at any rate, its great cities) really come to this point? To a point at which the, at worst, embarrassing devotion and hero-worship of a young creature can be misinterpreted into "unnatural" love? If so, it seems high time we put the clock back. All this—it may be cheering to remember—happened in 1939: in *Equinox*, we have the dregs, morally speaking, of an over-sophisticated pre-war world.

Mary herself is delicious—though she plays the difficult role of victim, she is never for one instant sentimentalised. Seldom has the dignity, the innocence, the queer, awkward, beautiful grace of a very young girl been better pictured. And no child's fate, in the last six



Brodrick Vernon
Miss Clarissa Borenus is the younger daughter of Professor Tancred Borenus, the noted art connoisseur and historian. Like her father, she is deeply interested in seventeenth-century Dutch painting, and herself has an enviable collection of pictures. Until recently Miss Borenus has been attached to the Polish Ministry of Information.

years of war, could rouse more deep indignation. . . . I do not think that *Equinox* should be taken as an attack on psycho-analysis in general: the story, rather, shows to what misuse nominal practice can be put by a corrupt and power-seeking man. I imagine that Dr. Freud himself would have kicked Henry Verplanck downstairs.

The Wish to Live

IN *The Bridgehead*, by Christopher Dilke (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), we have another first novel, work of a soldier-author. As the wrapper says: "News of landings, raids and bridgeheads has come to us in terse newspaper reports and guarded broadcasts. In imagination we have followed these epics of military adventure. . . . But what of the men who do these things: what fills their minds before, after and during, even, the hour of battle?"

Here, we have little of the "before": the story opens on the middle of action: a raid (such as that on Dieppe) on a small French port. Losses are heavy, the gain small; but in at least one objective—the capture of an important Nazi statesman who has been spending an indiscreet week with a French actress at a seaside hotel—there is success. The raid itself, a most exciting piece of descriptive writing, is, virtually, little more than a prologue: the main story opens after the return to Brigade Headquarters, at Tynning, plus Baron Siegmund von Arzner and Mlle. Lily Lemprière.

Back at Tynning, we get to know at leisure (ours, not theirs) Brigadier Mortimer, Major Mostyn, Major Baldachini, Colonel Fox, and Captain Leroy (already the hero of the von Arzner coup). Also Mr. Humphries, of the Foreign Office, sent down to interrogate von Arzner. The characterisation, in all cases, is excellent, and the story-interest unflagging and brisk. Except for the battle-piece at the beginning, I should not say that *The Bridgehead* was a novel (Concluded on page 408)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THE lack of common intelligence among a definite number of

people in all classes is at moments really rather frightening. Few of us are very highly intelligent, but I refer to that undefined number who react to everyday occurrences as children, while being old enough to have children of their own, peradventure, grandchildren.

Only the other evening, the B.B.C., broadcasting a strangely moving play, included in the beginning an extract from their own announcement portending VE-Day on May 9th, adding that the King and Prime Minister would broadcast to the nation. Whereupon, before the play was over, hundreds of people were telephoning the B.B.C. and newspaper offices asking if there was going to be a general holiday the next day—namely, September 11th! Well, I ask you! No, I don't ask you! No one living can gauge the "nitwitty" of a section of the multitude. It can often descend to startling depths.

Only the other day a woman told me quite seriously that the bad weather that day hadn't surprised her in the least, because she had read in the evening paper that a man had been hanged that morning in Cardiff for murder! Again, I heard a woman tell another that she knew all along that the other woman's baby would be stillborn, because she, the expectant mother, had spoken to a squint-eyed man on her way to the nursing-home. Many a time have I heard a woman bemoan the fact that blinded Servicemen should ever think of marrying, since it would be certain their children would be born blind. And the same belief applies to legs.

No wonder, therefore, that fortune-tellers and soothsayers flourish and any "quack" garners in a rich harvest. Or

that propaganda rules the world, the silliest superstitions refuse to die, even

the more obvious confidence trick catches its victim, cock-and-bull stories never fail a hearing, and Sinatra will always be associated with females swooning!

Moreover, you never know when, where or why this evidence of mildewed adolescence is going to reveal itself. Only rarely, so to speak, can you see it coming. Often you have to live with it to find out. But when encountered, a kind of speechless bewilderment settles on the scene. Can anything completely grown up, you ask yourself, still remain so mentally "doughy"? Of course it can. And simply revel in its "dough."

Hollywood knows all about it and reaps therefrom a golden harvest. So do the more tub-thumping politicians. Advertisers glory in the knowledge, and certain newspapers give it its daily dope in columns-full. A fool who knows himself, or herself, to be a fool is half-way to being a clever man. But these doughy-minded folk are convinced that they possess an intuition far surpassing common sense. Moreover, they are always vociferous. The New and Better World is going to have a hard task before it if it is going to haul them up to its higher altitude. For it is disturbing to remember that two nitwits can out-vote a philosopher. Even one at a party can bring the conversation down to clothes, rations and the shortage of beer, the three dull subjects of present conversation which have ousted the equally dull "weather" of the pre-war era.

Were it not for the fact that an uncertain "nitwitty" is always a potential danger, it would sometimes appear comic—that kind of comicality which knocks us flat out without actually making us laugh.

Mothers and Children



The Hon. Mrs. Edward Dudley Delevingne is with her two children, Venetia, aged seven, and Edward, aged six, at Rock, North Cornwall. She is the wife of Capt. Edward Dudley Delevingne, Royal Fusiliers, at present serving in the Middle East. Formerly the Hon. Angela Greenwood, the Hon. Mrs. Delevingne is the elder daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Greenwood



Mrs. Jock Milne Home, who is holding her son, Alastair John, is the wife of Capt. Jock Milne Home, youngest son of Sir John and Lady Milne Home, of Irvine House, Canonbie, Dumfriesshire. Mrs. Milne Home was formerly Miss Rosemary Elwes, only child of Capt. and Mrs. Godfrey Elwes, of Northgate Grange, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk



Compton Collier

Mrs. William Forbes, seen sitting in the garden with her two children, Iain and Anthony, is the wife of Lieut.-Col. William Forbes, D.S.O., who is a grandson of the late Lieut.-Col. Foster Forbes, of Rothiemay Castle, Aberdeenshire, and a nephew of the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair. Mrs. Forbes is the only daughter of Mr. W. B. Knox and the late Mrs. Knox, of Ryefield House, Dalry, Ayrshire



Compton Collier

Lady Newtown Butler is the wife of Capt. Lord Newtown Butler, the Earl of Lanesborough's son and heir, and the only daughter of Sir Lindsay and Lady Everard, of Ratcliffe Hall, Leicestershire. Sir Lindsay was formerly M.P. for the Melton Division of Leicestershire. With Lady Newtown Butler are her two daughters, Gina, who was born in 1941, and Denyne, in February of this year

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 392)

G/Capt. Bader and W/Cdr. Tuck had Mrs. Bader and Mrs. Tuck with them.

Many well-known people from all walks of life joined in the fun. Mr. S. H. Miller, Hon. Organiser of the Appeal, was there with Mrs. Miller; and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sylvester, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hale and Miss Joy Snell were others who danced into the early hours of the morning.

Tables were decorated with victory bells made from German aircraft shot down over Britain and engraved with the heads of the Big Three—Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin. Some of them had been cast by the pilots present. Brilliantly auctioned by Will Hay and Chesney Allen, they raised over £3000 for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Four bells bearing the signatures of Air Marshals Sir Charles Portal, Sir W. Sholto Douglas, Sir Keith Park and Sir A. W. Tedder were put up. W/Cdr. Tuck joined in the bidding and bought a bell for £150, signed by his old chief Sir Keith Park, whom he described to me as "the finest fellow in the Service." Excitement ran high when Chesney Allen started a Dutch auction for the last bell, bearing the signature of Air Marshal Tedder. Mr. Vecchi, the Hungaria's popular managing-director, skipped about like a two-year-old taking the names of the bidders. When the bidding reached £1000, Chesney Allen accepted the final bid of a woman guest and wiped his brow with relief.

In Town

ENJOYING a very brief visit to town over last week were Sir Mark and Lady Young, who have been staying at the May Fair.

Both Sir Mark, who was Governor of Hong Kong at the time of the Japanese invasion, and Lady Young are looking extremely well, and their many friends were most relieved to find them in good spirits, despite their privations at the hands of the Japanese.

Most of Sir Mark's time was naturally taken up on official visits, but both he and Lady Young were able to revisit some old friends in London.



Karl Schenker

The Countess of Norbury

The Countess of Norbury was formerly Miss Margaret Greenhalgh, and her husband, who is the fifth Earl, succeeded to the title in 1943. He was formerly Senior Regional Officer in U.N.R.R.A.'s Balkan Mission in Cairo, and has also created for himself a considerable position in industry.



Home from Canada

Miss Mary Mackintosh is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Sir Harold Mackintosh, the chairman of the National Savings Committee, and Lady Mackintosh. She has just returned after spending five years in Canada, where she attended Haverhill College. Her guardians were Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Barber, of Toronto.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

of the sternly realistic type—it has a gay, gallant and rattling atmosphere, for which I, personally, consider it none the worse. These (mostly young) officers of World War II. have traits, and predilections, in common with their forbears in the Duke of Wellington's army. And, indeed, why not? They are agreeably, never tiresomely, romanticised. Though we know that, pre-war, Baldachini, for instance, was a successful painter and Fox a business man, the civilian past of these officers seems a dream. They live, and we live with them, in the moment.

Problems

LEROY is the neurotic victim of an unwise marriage, contracted earlier in the war; Fox has an ideal, happily-married home life; Mostyn, a somewhat half-hearted amorist, entangles himself locally with a Mrs. Edwardes; and Brigadier Mortimer finds himself far from proof against the charms of Mlle. Lemprière, to whose co-operation in the von Arzner capture so much is owed. We have glimpses of a number of sentimental interludes—some enjoyable, others not: the stolid idyll of Colonel Fox's homecoming is, humanly speaking, the most touching.

The Bridgehead is heroic, fresh, apparently artless. Under the surface, however, it dives deep. "Bridgehead," for Christopher Dilke, has a double meaning. At the end, Leroy—sole and final survivor of the group of characters we have known, after the D-Day landing, speaks as a V.C. to an English audience:

To you, perhaps, the important matter is that we have established a bridgehead on the Continent and that bridgehead has been extended to the frontiers of Germany. I want you now to consider the fighting men whose job it was to establish that bridgehead.

To them, the fight in Normandy was in a way a secondary consideration. Each of them, in his own life, had fought for his own personal bridgehead—the love of a wife, children growing up at school and a home which was his own. There were many officers and men in my own part of the service who had found all those things. What they wanted most, all of them, was not to die but to live.

Let's Explore

WE have known in childhood; and, if we are happily-constituted, we know right on through life, the charms of exploration. Few may aspire to blaze a quite new trail, but there is a something about any path one's own foot has not trodden before. Not to want to know what is around the corner, not to want to see over some skyline more, would be deadening. Myself, I share all dear Mrs. Elton's love of "exploring parties." Unhappily, for each generation the world shrinks; the margin of the unknown dwindles. Or so it seems. To the disheartened, *Modern Exploration* (Cape; 6s.) will be a refreshing book. Its author, F. Kingdon Ward (himself awarded the Royal Geographical Society Royal Medal, in 1930, for geographical exploration and work on botanical distribution in South-West China and South-East Tibet), has traced the evolution of exploration during the last 3000 years—he shows what has been done, but, no less, what there is still to do. Equipment, field and method have altered: the spirit is still the same.

It cannot [he says] be too strongly insisted that modern exploration demands two qualities—namely (1) expert knowledge, and (2) concentration. The happy-go-lucky days of exploration are virtually over, at least as a means of adding anything substantial to our knowledge of the earth. It is true that whole new worlds have lately been opened up for exploration—the depths of the ocean, the earth's crust, the stratosphere—and that we are only at the beginnings of these; whereas we are nearing the end of the exploration of the earth's surface. Yet we cannot approach the exploration of these new worlds in the same haphazard way in which we approached the older two-dimensional exploration.

It is of new worlds that Mr. Kingdon Ward chiefly writes. The book, after an introductory Part I., divides its contents as follows: "The Land Surface" (mountaineering and the world of the tree-tops); "The Lithosphere" (the earth's crust, caves and volcanoes); "The Hydrosphere" (ocean floor and the ocean depths); "The Atmosphere" (high flying); "The World's Contents" (collecting), and "Exploring in Time."

Down on the Farm

GEORGE ORWELL's *Animal Farm* (Secker and Warburg; 6s.) is subtitled "A Fairy Story." It is an extremely engaging allegory, fable or satire on the subject of an unhappy progress—from revolution to dictatorship. Led by the pigs (their intelligentsia), the animals of Manor Farm rise, drive out Mr. Jones, take over and administer the farm for themselves. "Equalitarianism" is the cry. In the general hurly-burly of good will, only Benjamin, the old donkey, remains cynical—and the cat, needless to say, goes on quietly playing her own hand. Muriel, the goat, is an intelligent participant in the movement: only Mollie, the pretty, frivolous white mare who used to draw Mr. Jones's trap, defaults, and bolts for the bad, old, human-ruled world of sugar and ribbons. On the other hand, the two cart-horses lend their strength to the effort in blind good faith. For a short time everything goes swimmingly; then, rivalry between the two senior pigs, Snowball and Napoleon, begins to damage the farm world. Snowball (accused of intrigue with humans) is thrown out: Napoleon, backed by his gang of dog toughs, becomes absolute Dictator. . . . Mr. Orwell has worked out, most ingeniously, analogies it is not for me to trace. This tale of abused good faith is moving. Also as apt and witty I commend *Animal Farm*.

Haig

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AUTUMN IN THE AIR

by Jean Lorimer

Tam-shapes increase in popularity. This one is of black felt studded in red and gold. It looks good, makes you put your best face forward. Selfridge's have it



Photographs by
Dormer Cole



Very trim, very tailored are these two Windsmoor coats being sold at Selfridge's. Both have the high neck-line, both have excellent detail. The coat on the left is of dark-green woollen material, the line of the pockets emphasised by clever stitching. On the right, stitching has been used to accentuate the shoulders and to give the half-yoke effect which is to be so popular this coming winter



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Stories from Everywhere

THE government agent in a western state was hot on the trail of a fugitive. When word came that he was heading for a small town, the G-man called the local sheriff.

"You send me a pitcher of that guy and I'll git him good," the sheriff promised. That night the Government agent mailed the sheriff not one but a dozen pictures of the wanted man—profiles, full-face, standing, sitting, and in various costumes. Within twenty-four hours he received an electrifying telephone call:—

"We got eleven of those crooks locked up already," the sheriff boasted. "And I guarantee to jug the last one before morning!"

THE angry and impatient traveller looked at his watch for the twenty-second time.

"Look here," he shouted at the porter, "when is the next train from this forsaken spot?"

"Half-past eight, sir," the porter told him.

"Damnation! Isn't there one before that?"

"No, sir, I'm afraid there's not," said the porter, quietly. "You see, sir, we never run one before the next."



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Valerie White plays her first straight emotional part in "No Medals," the Esther McCracken play in which Fay Compton plays the lead. She appears as Helen Wyland, the young Wren driver whose sailor husband is reported missing. A South African by birth, Valerie White is in private life the wife of actor Albert Lieven. They are buying a Tudor farmhouse at Sandon near Buntingford

He wanted the contract for the new dog kennel which he understood the business man would be needing, and he was careful to explain how he came by his information.

"I did hear tell, zur," he said, "as how one of they clever chaps in Lunnon had sold 'ee a pup."

THE district superintendent of a railway company had always made a special point of insisting that stationmasters should send in a full report at once of any accident, however small.

One morning he received the following urgent message: "Man fell from platform in front of moving train. Will send further details later."

After waiting for what seemed an age, the superintendent received the second message: "Everything O.K. Nobody injured. Engine was going backwards."

A LORRY driver became tired of his work and gave it up to join the police force. Asked some months later what he thought of his new job, the ex-driver replied that the pay wasn't bad, the hours satisfactory, but what he liked best of all was that the customer was always wrong.

A MUSICIAN walked into a pawnshop and deposited a violin on the counter. "Here's a violin," he said, "that cost me fifty pounds. I'd like to have a fiver on it."

The pawnbroker looked the instrument over and seemed satisfied. He handed the musician five pounds. As the violinist was leaving, he noticed that the pawnbroker had placed the instrument under his chin.

The musician returned. "I say," he said, "can you really play it?"

The pawnbroker shook his head.

"Then," queried the other, "why do you hold the violin under your chin?"

The pawnbroker pointed with his free hand to the overcrowded shop. "I've got to," he explained. "I have no other room for it!"

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Air Forces and the Future

Two arguments have been advanced in favour of the abolition of air forces; first that all future disputes will be settled round the conference table and, second, that the atomic bomb will be the dominant weapon of any future war, and that it will be conveyed to its target not by aeroplane but by rocket. I cannot feel much confidence in either argument. I feel that there are good reasons for maintaining an air force and keeping it efficient. I would like to believe that disputes will be settled by talking in the future, and that the weak nation will not become a temptation to the strong, but the general facts of existence do not support that view.

No less belligerent or more militarily unprepared creature exists than the rabbit. Yet it is the most persistently persecuted by man and other animals. Today we have the Ministry of Agriculture, against the advice of many landowners, sponsoring through the Agricultural Committees that foully cruel device, the steel trap. I doubt if that cruelty would be tolerated in this country, even under stress of food shortage, except against a completely unarmed, defenceless animal. We tend to admire the animal that hits back and that has the power to hurt. We tend to despise and to inflict cruelty upon the animal that never hits back. And it has been the same with the nations. I would regard it as a dangerous step if our need for financial recovery were allowed to whittle down our air force below the minimum size recommended by the Chiefs of Staff.

Rockets and Atoms

THE other argument, that atomic bombs will be conveyed, not by aeroplane, but by rocket, has more substance. It is highly probable that the atomic bomb will be the dominant weapon and will be carried to its target in an automatic device like a rocket or flying bomb. But there is ultimately always the need for the conveyance of men. In the end no victory can be complete without occupation, and occupation demands fleets of transports. It may be that the air forces of the future will be more concerned with transporting

than with striking or fighting. But they will still be air forces. Transport Command may be the supreme command in the future. In view of that possibility it is strange to see the United States Army Air Forces beginning to whittle down their Transport Command already. That may be, however, because it carries an implicit threat of competition with unsubsidized civil air lines, or because the States have decided to go ahead with the logical single service system.

German Technical Work

THE Air Ministry's vast report on German technical developments was a most interesting document. It showed the astonishing advances German engineers had made in all forms of aircraft. Moreover it established that the Germans were the first to fly, successfully, a jet-driven aeroplane—in 1939.

Some of the other aircraft have speeds and rates of climb which—even in this age of marvels—seem fantastic. To carry a big bomb load over a long range at more than 500 miles an hour is a thing which a few weeks ago would have seemed impossible to most people in aviation. Yet the Germans were almost ready to do it. And the rates of climb of some of the German rocket fighters are terrific—and I think here that that over-used word finds its rightful place. Those who had heard something, but not all, about the new German rocket fighters, had said that one of them was a ramming machine, for use by suicide pilots. It was supposed to be a sort of Baka which was rocketed into bomber formations. It now appears that this was wrong. The Germans, like the Allies, never contemplated asking



Air Marshal The Hon. Sir Ralph A. Cochrane, K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C., who is A.O.C.-in-C. Transport Command, has been touring India, Burma and Ceylon, and at Karachi he inspected the trooping camp to which reinforcements are being flown to South-east Asia from the United Kingdom. The Air Marshal is seen with A/Cdr. J. D. J. Hardman, O.B.E., D.F.C., A.O.C., leaving the Parachute Inn during his visit to an R.A.F. Battle-supply Group

any fighting man to commit suicide in the execution of his duty. In all the German aircraft the fighting man is given his chance of coming through alive.

Air Shows Again

THE plans for celebrating the anniversary of the Battle of Britain were almost on a pre-war scale at some of the aerodromes. They showed that there is still a demand for air shows, and that soon the Royal Air Force will have to consider its future Display policy.

At Hendon the Display had already become unmanageably large. The traffic jams at the last Displays held there were appalling and extended most of the way down the Edgware Road. And the crowds became too large for the district so that discomfort was the prevalent impression of most of those who were present. Hendon, therefore, must be assumed to have completed its tour of duty. I used to be a regular attendant there before the First World War when the really exciting air races were held between the old machines like the Deperdussin, the Moranes, the Blériots and the Box Kites. In those days

Hendon was a smaller place with fewer people living in the district and the meetings, although immensely popular for their time, did not draw the giant crowds that are a feature of public spectacles today.

Mildenhall, where the Royal Review was held, has been suggested as the place where R.A.F. Displays should take place in the future; but getting there and getting back would be a problem for many. And it seems a pity that Londoners should not have an opportunity of seeing an annual air show without having to make a long journey.

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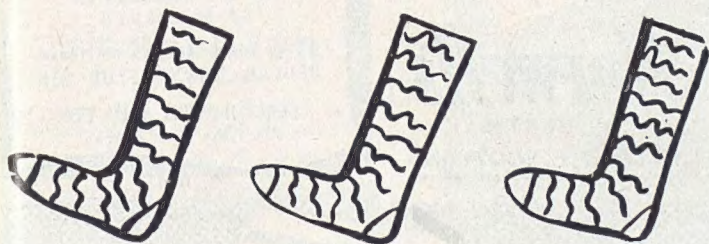
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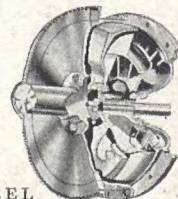


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